



VOL. III. No. 5.]

GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858.

[WHOLE NO. 107.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
I WANDER FAR BACK.

BY A. PERRY STERRY.

I wander far back in the scenes of the past,
'Mid the ruins of temples, too holy to last
Where bright shrines lie broken and covered
With rust.

These worshippers long since have crumbled to dust.

I remember how sweetly the months glided by
And how brightly the stars all shone out in the sky;

How April with showers of diamond like spray
Scattered flowers all over the lap of young May.

And the last breath of May with a musical tune
Whispered low in the ear of the newly born June.

Who sleeps all the year till the earth shall be
When crowned with its roses she reigns as its Queen.

Who does not remember the days of his youth
When life seemed a story of eloquent truth?

When the heart was not ruled by the stern laws
Of trade,

And a day was not lost if no money was made.

When the song of the wild bird was vastly more dear

Than the jingle of dollars that fell on the ear,

When more prized by his heart than a miser's gold-gel.

Oh! love the bright time when the spirit was free
And warbled of heave like a shell of the sea:

For no matter how trammled the heart is by trade,

It will sing of the scenes where its infancy stray-

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Thwarted Plots.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER I.

ELLEN, Ellen, sister Ellen! please, do come!" The imploring voice which called was very sweet and winning, but the haughty young lady before her toilet glass in that handsome chamber did not heed it. Again, it echoed up the carved mahogany stair-case.

"Ellen, do come, just one moment—I have such a beautiful engraving here, and I don't for my life know the meaning of the great French name beneath it! Ellen, do come and read it for me."

The young lady turned with a gesture of impatience to the French dressing maid who was curling her mistress' beautiful hair; and there was a touch of frankness in her voice, as she said—

"Lucille, go and explain to the child. O! dear! it is such a misfortune having Lilley crippled—poor thing! She causes me an immense deal of trouble!"

Let us, in imagination, look at the child who was such a source of perplexity to her elegant sister. On a low sofa, in a little parlor at the back of the great house, she reclined—a fair girl of, perhaps, fourteen summers. There was the shadow of much suffering in her deep, deep eyes, but the white, placid brow, over which curls of chestnut-colored hair clustered so profusely, bore the impress of saint-like patience. Lilley Worthenton was too lovely, too spiritual for the stern, rough world; and her lameness confined her almost exclusively to the house. A violent cold, taken in childhood, settled in her limbs, and for seven years poor Lilley had been unable to walk without the aid of crutches. While her mother lived she had been cared for most tenderly, and scarcely felt her good morning.

"Indeed! I was not aware that Worthenton's wife was so ill," he added, seeing the painful flush which suffused the brow of the girl, as he spoke—

"Sir, I have nothing to recommend me to society—nothing to compare with my beautiful sister. God has seen fit to afflict me with lameness, and I am necessarily confined to the house for the greater part of the time."

There was something so sad and touching in the low tones of her voice, that the gentleman was deeply interested; he moved towards her.

"Miss Worthenton," he said, "allow me to take the liberty of introducing myself, since there is no one here to perform that office. I am Clifton Howard, of—; perhaps you have heard your sister speak of me."

Lilley started abruptly, and her eyes sought the man's face as he told his name—for long, long ago, in her gentle heart, had Lilley Worthenton enshrined that name among the purest and noblest of the earth. She did not reply—he came forward and took her hand in his, and the voice that spoke was low and thrilling:

"Most happy would I be, to call one woman, friend, who can exist without the hollow flattery of society—who can be happy with the sweet thoughts God gives her from day to day! You know my character—you know that I scorn falsehood—will you accept my friendship?"

Lilley laid her other hand confidingly in his, and tears of joy at this unlooked for attention from so good a person filled her eyes, as she replied—

"Mr. Howard, I have long respected you—but it seems impossible that one so gifted by Nature as followed and caress-

fined and intelligent people; and sometimes she laid back on her pillow and wept very softly and silently over her aimless, lonesome life.

CHAPTER II.

"Commandez qu' en vous aime, et vous servez ainsi."

HEN Ellen Worthenton was nineteen years of age, at a formal party, she was introduced to one of the most celebrated men of the time—the great orator—the admired of the world, whom we shall call briefly promising that it is not his rightfull name) Clifton Howard.

For once rumor had not spoken falsely,

Clifton Howard was, besides being

talented above all others, handsome

in person, and agreeable—at times—fascinating in his manners. Although his name had been blown far and wide by the trumpet tongue of Fame, he was still youthful—probably not more than twenty-five.

Miss Worthenton was pleased with him—she was delighted! After a half hour's chat she came to the determination to "set her cap for him," having previously ascertained that he was possessed of a handsome property. Mr. Howard admired Miss Worthenton's beauty, and spirited conversation, and cordially accepted her gracious invitation to visit her in her own house.

Two days after the party, he called at Worthenton place. Ellen exerted herself to the utmost to please him. She sang his favorite songs, notwithstanding most of them were old-fashioned; and agreed with him in admiring Milton's poems, although, as she often declared to her intimate friends, she despised such dry reading; and most wonderful of all, she joined with him in praising the beauty of little street-sweeper who was industriously cleaning the pavement in front of the mansion.

The first call was the precursor of a second, and in a few weeks Mr. Howard became a visitor at Mr. Worthenton's. Ellen's hopes rose high. Prospects of a brilliant alliance, and an after life of flattery and admiration as the wife of the great man, haunted her waking and sleeping dreams.

But much to her chagrin, time flew on,

and Mr. Howard did not propose. He was polite, respectful, and attentive—but his dark eyes never deepened to tenderness in her presence, and the hand which greeted her, in a social clasp, was firm and untrebling.

One day, he turned with a gesture of impatience from morning till night, and Ellen, disappointed of attending a proposed picnic of the fashionables, threw on a faded dressing-gown, called Lucille to put her hair in papers, and flung herself on a lounge in her chamber, giving orders to the servants to exclude all visitors.

Lilley, moved by an impulse she could hardly explain, left her little sitting-room and wandered into the lonely parlor—where sinking down in a velvet cushioned chair, she lost herself in a deep reverie. She did not notice that the room door had opened and shut noiselessly, and that a tall, noble looking man stood in the centre of the apartment, gazing at her with an expression of mingled admiration and surprise. His voice disturbed her—

"Pardon my intrusion, lady; I expe-

cted to find my acquaintance, Miss Worthenton, here;" and the gentleman bowed respectfully, though without removing his eyes from the beautiful, startled face before him.

"I am Miss Worthenton's sister, Lilley—and a sad smile passed over her lovely face—"My sister is indisposed."

"Indeed! I was not aware that Worthenton's wife was so ill," he added, seeing the painful flush which suffused the brow of the girl, as he spoke—

"Sir, I have nothing to recommend me to society—nothing to compare with my beautiful sister. God has seen fit to afflict me with lameness, and I am necessarily confined to the house for the greater part of the time."

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Lilley laid her other hand confidingly in his, and tears of joy at this unlooked for attention from so good a person filled her eyes, as she replied—

"Mr. Howard, I have long respected

you—but it seems impossible that one so

gifted by Nature as followed and caress-

ed by the world, should wish to own for a friend one hopelessly deformed!"

Howard's fine eyes kindled, and the hand which held hers tightened its clasp, as he said—"Miss Worthenton, I would give more for the love of one true heart, than for the hollow flatteries of the greatest world which is now pleased to bestow its attention upon me! I know well its falsehood, and it is like the living spring to the traveler in a sandy desert, to find one soul unbiased by worldly vanity! I shall consider myself highly favored if I am accepted to such a friendship."

The conversation that evening, between the great orator and the beautiful lame girl, continued long; and surprised and pleased, Clifton Howard sought his hotel, to think of the young soul which had commended with his. He was fascinated! To the man of the world, satisfied with hollow smiles and false courtesies, this unstained, guiltless heart was refreshing. "So innocent!" he said to himself, "so pure and holy in her thoughts—truly she is but little lower than the angels."

Ellen Worthenton married a spendthrift, who after reducing her to poverty, died in a duel; and Ellen found a home, after the death of her father, with her half-sister. And when in after years, she gave her hand to a grave, but eloquent clergyman, it was with a realizing sense of the true aim of existence!

CHAPTER III.

"How could my tongue take pleasure,
And be lavish in thy praise?

How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And inherent truth, unknown to dissemble?

Those art the man in whom my soul delights!

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THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion \$1.00.
Each additional week 25cts. The following ample deductions will be made in favor of standing
Advertisements:

3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square, \$ 8.00	\$ 5.00	\$ 8.00
Two squares, " 6.00	" 10.00	" 14.00
Three " " 9.00	" 15.00	" 20.00
Four " (1 col.) 12.00	" 20.00	" 26.00
Eight " (4 col.) 18.00	" 30.00	" 40.00
Professional and business Cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum.....		\$6.00

Col. Johnston, the Leader of our 5th Army.

The interest attached to the Mormon question naturally excites some curiosity as to the individual charged by the government with the difficult and delicate responsibilities of the present Utah expedition. He is not only to exhibit military abilities of a high order for the security of his little army in its Siberian campaign, but he must be possessed of superior civil qualifications to guide his dealings with the misgoverned people who are represented as denying the authority of our constitution. The following sketch of his past career, which we find in the "Press," will, therefore, be read with interest:

Col. Albert Sydney Johnston, of the second regiment of cavalry, now commanding in Utah, stands a little over six feet high, is of a large, bony, sinewy frame with a grave but pleasant face; possesses quite unassuming manners, forming in all a person of attractive and rather imposing appearance. Born in Kentucky, he was graduated from the military academy at West Point in 1823, at about the age of twenty. Though holding a high position in his class, his active temperament induced him to waive appointment in the more scientific but sedentary branches of the service, and he was gazetted a brevet second lieutenant of the sixth regiment of infantry, then engaged in service on our Indian frontier.

The excitements of frontier life, though, did not satisfy his aspirations, and in the breaking out of the Texas revolution, he resigned his commission in the United States army, and proceeded at once to offer his services to the embryo republic. Entering Texas without letters or acquaintance, he modestly joined the army as a simple volunteer. Accident one day brought the young volunteer to the notice of the lamented Rusk, then holding the office of a general. Struck with the comprehensiveness and clearness of his remarks, the general made some inquiries in relation to him, and sending for him, found that he had in his ranks a man not only conversant with military organization, in its generals and in its details, but who possessed profound military knowledge with great strategic abilities. He at once made him the adjutant-general of his command, and in this grade Johnston shared in the discriminating commander in the victory of San Jacinto.

The revolution in Texas afforded but a small field for military distinction; yet before its close, the adjutant-general had attained the rank of a general. The war ended, General Johnston settled upon a farm, and literally converting his sword into a plowshare, Cinquefoil-like, tilled the earth with his own hands. Called from his retirement to fill the office of Secretary of War, he sustained himself with great ability, and gained in his political, as he had previously done in his military career, the respect and affection of the people of Texas.

When Mexico worried us into a war in 1846, this graduate of West Point, adjutant, adjutant-general, general, Secretary of War, again tendered his services to his country. Pushing no claims for office, though he might with propriety have sought the highest, he came forward, with his rifle on his shoulder, as a private soldier. The regiment, however, made him its colonel, and in that capacity he served until disbanded by expiration of service. Gen. Taylor, though he parted with the regiment, would not wish its colonel, and to secure his valuable aid attached him to his person as an inspector-general.

Sharing with "Old Zack" the dangers and glories of Buena Vista, he returned to the United States and to his farm. Offered a paymastership in the army in 1846, he accepted it. In March, 1855, on the raising of four new regiments, the Hon. Secretary of War, Mr. Jefferson Davis, who knew Johnston's military qualifications and services, appointed him colonel of the second cavalry, and soon after ordered him to the military command of the department of Texas. The present administration have assigned him to the command of Utah.

In all the relations of life Col. Johnston, or Gen. Johnston, as he is more generally called, seemed to have filled every part to which he has been cast. Not only has he been able, but his ability has been accompanied by the esteem and respect of all the communities, civil or military, into which he has been thrown.

NORTH CAROLINA BANK NOTES NOT RECEIVED HERE.—A gentleman recently arrived here from the North, via Baltimore, the Chesapeake Bay, Norfolk and Portsmouth, informs us that the above announcement stares every passenger in the face who goes to procure his ticket at the ticket-office on board the steamer "North Carolina," of the Bay Line. The line has certainly a right to refuse uncurrent money if it chooses, but why this insulting placard—this contumacious discrimination against North Carolina alone of all the States in the Union? That in a boat named after the State, this tacit insult to every North Carolinian should be so obstinately paraded, is surely strange.

We like the Bay route—we have ever found its officers clever, gentlemanly and accommodating. We have always advised our friends to take that route as the most pleasant, and we now ask them to remove this offensive notice, which is doing much to prejudice their view with every citizen of the State.

The above is from the Wilmington Journal of the 25th inst., and for an outrage, so entirely unjust and unprovoked, merits a rebuke in language not so mild. We are "law and order" advocates; but the temptation would be more than our State pride would bear, were we to meet with such an insult, so grand and daring.

A SELECT PARTY.—Over 1,200 invitations were issued for Mrs. Douglas' party on Tuesday night. All the members of both Houses of Congress were invited.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES. Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Captain Mayne Reid's Plant-Hunters—School-children's Life of Handel—Theodore Hook's Tales in Mason's Standard Library—Old Curiosity Shop, and Sketches by Box in Dunciadom—Blackwood, and the North British and London Quarterly Reviews—Stories and Legends by Grace Greenwood.

A new volume from the brilliant pen of Captain Mayne Reid, author of a score of fascinating works, has just been issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston: Messrs. Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia. Reid is well known as a dashing and all-active writer, with a ready application, and an infinite fund of humor, that sparkles at his touch like beads on the brimming cup. His relish for whatever is lively and stirring has led him into many strange and marvelous paths by unknown rivers and through unbroken forests. The new tale is, or purports to be, a record of Adventures among the Himalaya Mountains, whether wholly or in part fictitious, or whether a narrative of explorations actually participated in, need matter but little since the information of the country and its particular features contained in the development of the story may have been gathered from books almost as well as through personal experience. In the pleasant guise of three young men in search of rare and beautiful flowers and plants, many thrilling adventures by field and forest with animals, birds, etc., are related, and the peculiar characteristic of eastern landscape scenery, and the rare attractiveness of its animal and vegetable kingdoms are pictured with all Reid's usual accuracy and appropriateness. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

Stories and Legends of Travel and History is an entertaining little volume by Grace Greenwood, published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston: Messrs. Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia. Grace Greenwood is very justly a popular writer. She has a happy faculty of combining instruction with amusement, and in her present volume she presents many memories of her travels that will interest not only the young reader for whom the book is chiefly written, but also those "gray-haired boys," and "gray-haired girls" that Oliver Wendell Holmes speaks about. The volume is a pleasant one for any season.

The same publishers have just issued Lowell's poems in two pocket volumes, of which we shall speak again.

those prospects for 1853, an outline of which may be found in most of the country newspapers. These publications afford the cheapest and best reading that can be procured in the English language, the price of a single Review, or Blackwood, being put at the low figure for which much inferior American periodicals are furnished, while the whole five publications together may be had at the marvellously small price of ten dollars per annum. Here is sensible intellectual aliment, literary wealth and abundance of the most varied and valuable character, at almost fabulous prices; for the same works cost in England, got up in precisely similar style, as great an advance as thirty-one dollars! or a single one of the reviews puts the reader into the same expense that here by our superior publishing facilities will secure for him the full and complete series. It is in this form they are of the greatest value. Among the articles in the last number of the *London Quarterly*—that steady old conservative periodical that has numbered among its contributors Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, and Lockhart, we find brilliant papers on George Stephenson, the Locomotive King; Cornwall; the Indian Mutiny; Venetian Embassy at the Court of James I; etc. Also a capital review of the School-Days at Ragley, lately republished in this country by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. In the *N. British Review*, the special theological periodical, are also several elegant and elaborate articles on a variety of subjects. This valuable Review is now again conducted on the same principles and with the same vigor which characterized it when under the care of Chalmers and his illustrious successors. To those who do not wish to subscribe for the full series, these two, with *Blackwood*, make a good selection.

Stories and Legends of Travel and History is an entertaining little volume by Grace Greenwood, published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston: Messrs. Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia. Grace Greenwood is very justly a popular writer. She has a happy faculty of combining instruction with amusement, and in her present volume she presents many memories of her travels that will interest not only the young reader for whom the book is chiefly written, but also those "gray-haired boys," and "gray-haired girls" that Oliver Wendell Holmes speaks about. The volume is a pleasant one for any season.

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Waifs from Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "TIMES."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26, 1855.

METROPOLITAN MORALS.—A Lady Reporter—Indians—A Native War Dance—Its Effects and Defects—Investigating Committees and their Object—Business in Congress—The Death of Senator Rusk—Eloquent Eulogies—Niagara's History—Local Affairs—City Telegraph—Senator Douglass' Great Reception—The Dispute about the Medal—Important Rumors—The Come on Foreign Relations and Special Message of President—The Celebration of the Royal Marriage—Patents—&c., &c.

Washington has been nearly free from crime since the opening of Congress; but the fear which the National Legislature caused among the rascies, and those who infested the city, seems to have been dispelled, and they are again at work with redoubled fury. A night does not pass but what some dreadful affray, assault, or crime of some nature transpires. Persons are knocked down and robbed with as much daring and bravery on our principal streets, as they are in the lowest dens of N. Y. The character of the Metropolis is fast receding into the immoral state it experienced last summer. The municipal authorities have endeavored to suppress this influx of crime, but their efforts are unavailing. It is seriously contemplated to introduce a bill into Congress, allowing it to regulate the Police affairs of the city. This is a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

I see it stated in some papers, that "M. J. W." (Miss Mary J. Windle,) the brilliant correspondent of the Charleston *Courier*, has applied for a seat in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Representatives. I take the liberty to contradict the rumor. No such application has been made, nor has there been any such intention. The story originated with some silly Reporter who suggested that she be admitted to the gallery, as she wrote soably on public affairs. Such is the explanation of the paragraph going "the rounds," headed a "Lady Reporter."

The various delegations of Indian tribes are yet with us; and so thoroughly have they become attached to the hospitality of the Federal City, that I opine they will remain as long as the Government will pay their expenses. They visited the Arsenal and Navy Yard a day or two since, accompanied by Lord Napier, the See of War, Miss Lane and other ladies and gentlemen of note and station. At the Navy Yard they were frightened somewhat at the "thunder" of Commodore Dahlgren's "big gun," which was fired so rapidly as to cause them to think that it proceeded from a supernatural power. After witnessing the firing, they repaired to the Marine Barracks where a native "War Dance" was held with all its savage fury. Some did it appear, and its apparent horrors so disconcerting, that the ladies became very much frightened. Miss Lane became quite ill from the fright occasioned by their mimic representations of scalping. There was no "sham" about it—excepting the actual murder or scalping!

"Full of woe saws and modern instances."

They were intended to illustrate certain popular proverbs, the two volumes just mentioned, showing off first in "Cousin William" the fatal effects of passion, and in "Gervase Skinner" the old adage Peany wise and Pound foolish. They are very attractive in their new form, and should become vastly popular.

The uniform, illustrated duodecimo library edition of the complete works of Charles Dickens, published by T. B. Peterson, Esq., Philadelphia, is rapidly approaching completion. Four volumes have just been issued, comprising *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and that wonderful series of city pictures which *meets* Dickens, *Sketches by Boz*, each in two beautiful volumes, the first pair embellished with the original illustrations by Cattermole and H. K. Browne, and the "Sketches" with twenty engravings by George Cruikshank, the greatest humorist with the pencil and graver since William Hogarth, and in many points superior even to Hogarth. The Old Curiosity Shop is one of Dickens' most readable works, and will be gladly welcomed by those who have been purchasing the various volumes of Peterson's edition as they have appeared.

The famous "Sketches by Boz" which, nearly a quarter of a century ago, while their then unknown author was filling the uncertain post of parliamentary reporter on the "London Morning Chronicle," attracted such an extraordinary degree of favor and comment, will be none the less warmly welcomed by the new generation of readers, particularly since the pictures of life which they represented, faithful though they are in themselves, now have the advantage of Cruikshank's characteristic illustrations which, of course, they were without on their first representation. These illustrations in the several successive writings of Dickens have been wonderful aids to publicity and popularity, since they give the reader a sort of personal knowledge of the various individuals introduced in each story. In all Mr. Peterson's volumes he has carefully preserved these illustrations, presenting well-executed repetitions of engraving, and preserving the spirit, and the grace, and the humor of them all. The paper, typography, and binding are also above all praise and warrant so fully in saying that, even the best European edition of Dickens can at all compare with the Philadelphia edition which has the advantage also of being sold at a third of the English price. Two more volumes will complete the series.

Mossis, Leonard Scott & Co., N. York, the American publishers of *Blackwood's Magazine* and the four great leading British Quarterly Reviews, have just issued

the members and Senators have spoken on the usual themes—Kansas and Central America—and subjects for Bunclebo speeches are exhausted. The House commenced to transact business in earnest the latter part of last week; and in the Senate a new business era has dawned. The Senate confirmed the Naval nominations, and the Naval Officers now here feel much relieved at their prompt action in the premises.

The announcement of the death of Senator Rusk, in the Senate last week, was accompanied by the most feeling and eloquent eulogies from Senators Houston and Seward, that have been made since the death of the lamented Clay. Senator Houston was affected to tears, and there were many whose hearts beat in a common sympathy and union with his own. Senator Seward—although differing very widely from the deceased in political views—pronounced one of the most eloquent eulogies that ever fell from his lips. Near the conclusion of his remarks he said—"Farewell, noble patriot! heroic soldier! faithful statesman! generous friend; loved by no less, although among the last of friends!"

The eulogies in the House were equally solemn, eloquent and impressive. Mr. Keitt, of S. C., made the most affecting speech. In concluding he said: "I will lay a glove on his freshly closed grave, where ambitions are buried and rivalries are forever still." No Senator had warmer or friends than the late lamented Senator from Texas. He was called to the Vice-President's Chair just before the adjournment of the Senate at the last Congress, and as he dissolved that body, little did his members think that this loved one would turn from them before the National Councils resembled. The Sonatagalleries were crowded to their utmost extent, and the spectators listened in breathless silence and with an overflowing heart of sympathy to the affecting remarks of Senators on his untimely death. But

"When the bright guardians of a country die, The grateful tear in tenderness will start; And the keen anguish of a red-leaving eye Disclose the deep affliction of the heart."

Mr. John H. Wheeler, of this city, our former Minister to Nicaragua, is engaged in writing a history of that country. As there exists none of the present time it will prove to be a most valuable and interesting work. It will contain the recital of Walker's course in that country and will present many new and historical facts.

Washington is adopting many new facilities for rapidity in the transaction of business which characterizes our commercial cities. Among them may be named the establishing of city telegraph lines. The first one ever built here has just been placed in operation. It extends from Willards' Hotel (West end) to the famous National Hotel, a few squares from the Capital. It is so arranged that messages can be transmitted direct to Northern and South Western Cities. This is of great importance to the Departments and Bankers located in the Western section of the city. The instrument used is the House Printing Telegraph, which prints the messages in plain Roman capitals, instead of tickling them out in hieroglyphics, which have to be translated before they can be read by the public. As the Press and Telegraph are inalienable institutions, your correspondent was of course present at the opening of this new line. He would be wanting in courtesy if he did not mention the kindness of the gentlemanly operator, Mr. C. B. Noyes, who explained the working of this lighting-letter-printing machine, and who sent a sentiment over the wires for "The Times." Instantly congratulations were sent from the various offices on the line, complimenting in high terms the bold stand your excellent paper had taken.

Senator Douglass gave the largest, if not the most fashionable, reception of the season at his new mansion, on Tuesday evening of last week. Twelve hundred invitations were issued, and there were none who did not accept them. Both Houses of Congress were invited *en masse*. Dancing was the principal amusement of the evening, and the supper the greatest feature of the entertainment. Eight hundred persons sat down to the table at once, and such a popping of champagne-corks has not been heard by a large number who was there, for a long time, as was self-evident to the sober looker-on. It was apparent that many did not possess that valuable (?) land book, entitled, "Etiquette at Washington."

If a European were suddenly landed in our Metropolis, and allowed to see the lavish expenditure of money here, for a few weeks, he would think that the financial crisis had not reached the Capitol of the Western Continent, and would lift up his hands in holy horror at finding this squalid, and, exclaim, *Miserabile dictu! Miserabile dictu!*" Rewarding Commodore Paulding, for capturing Walker and his followers by presenting him a medal, has become a subject of much interest in the Senate. The resolution to present him with an honorary medal has attached to it an amendment, ensuring him for his conduct? Several Senators have spoken *pro et con* on the resolution with or without the amendment. Yesterday (Monday) Senator Pearce, of Md., made a speech in favor of the main resolution. It was lengthy and interesting and he argued the subject ably. Among the prominent rumors, which are about now, is one to the effect that the Government intends organizing a military force on the Pacific Coast, to proceed against the Mormons in the Spring. This is hardly to be credited. The President has no authority to call out volunteers while Congress is in session without a law being passed, previously, to that effect. In the present state of business before Congress, it would be impossible to prepare, report, and pass a bill in sufficient time to do any good; and even if such a bill be passed immediately, a Pacific force of volunteers could not be raised and procured in time to render the main portion of the Army any service, taking into consideration the present Army orders now in force. Lieutenant General Scott has not yet decided to go to the Pacific coast.

The Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate, will make a report this week on the President's special message relative to the友邦的公使。The special Committee will receive the testimony and report in a few days. Many startling facts will undoubtedly be revealed.

As stated in my last, Investigating Committees were the usual order of the day in Congress; and I see no reason at the expiration of another week, but to reiterate the statement. It appears that nearly all the officers of the last House of Representatives were more or less corrupt, and their transactions must be necessarily investigated. To effect this end, the House, following its well-established precedent, appoints a special Committee before which the delinquents are arraigned. The Grand Jury has been examining witnesses relative to the book fraud practiced by the late Clerk, and has terminated its labors. The special Committee will receive the testimony and report in a few days. Many startling facts will undoubtedly be revealed.

The Doar Keeper of the last Congress (in the House) has also been arraigned before a Committee and his alleged illegal transactions are to be examined. A Committee has also been formed to examine the transactions attending the sale of the Government Reservation of Fort Snelling, which took place last Autumn. And thus the Committee is formed day after day to investigate the affairs of dishonest officials. This is evidently a Committee-Investigating-Congress. However, most of

the 25th of January. The *feast*, in honor of it, will take place during this week at the magnificent residence of the British Minister. From the annual report of the Commissioner of Patents, I learn that fourteen patents were granted to citizens of North Carolina, during the year 1857. Most of the inventions were for improvements in Agricultural implements.

I will close this waif of political and miscellaneous news, by promising you more gossip next week—including a few remarks on the second levee of the President, which takes place this evening.

ANGUS.

THE BUSY WORLD.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE TIMES



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1858.

EDITORS.
W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.
R. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

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To SUBSCRIBERS:—Good bills current in the State, where subscribers live, will be taken at par, for subscription to the Times. In sending a club, with a large amount of money, it would be better to get a check, if convenient.

THE PRIZES.—The judges received and examined ten competing stories, and having the names of no writer, their decision is rendered impartially. They selected as the best, the stories entitled—“Diana Templeton; A tale of Wedded Life.” “The Stray Waif” and “Reginald’s Revenge; Or, the Rod and Reproof.” The judges characterize them—“Templeton is really exacting; Waif very beautiful, and ‘Revenge’ touching and pleasing.” They will appear as announced.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE.—We understand that the young ladies have secured an acceptance from the Rev. Joseph Cross, D.D., of South Carolina, to preach the annual sermon before the graduating class, at the approaching commencement in May. Also that Mr. D. K. McRae, of this State, has accepted the invitation to deliver the Literary Address before the two Societies. Both of these gentlemen are learned and distinguished in their respective callings, and will add much interest to the commencement occasion. We are glad the young ladies took by the forelock, and thus succeeded in their choice.

While speaking of the College, we are truly gratified at the prosperity attending it. The number of young ladies engaged for the present session, is much larger than ever before; and notwithstanding the recent extensive addition, there is room for only quite a few more boarders. Young ladies expecting to attend this session, should, therefore, make early application; and we hope the further contemplated additions may be speedily added, so that the steadily increasing patronage of the College may meet with no impediment, to retard its very deserved progress.

The University—An Explanation;

We are pleased to be able to present the following communication in reply to our enquiry of last week in reference to the recent election of Professor in the University. The article of the Express was copied by other papers, and it is but due the Trustees of the University that the facts as set forth below should also be noticed by such papers, the Express not excepted.

MENRS. EDITORS.—The Petersburg Express is a smart paper—a very smart little paper. It seems to have a news-hunter for every city, village, and crossroads in our State. So that a professor cannot be appointed, nor a constable elected, nor a hay stack burned in North Carolina, without all the particulars being detailed in the Petersburg Express.

If the readers of the Express are best pleased with such minutiae, charity should prevent us from complaining. Little boxes hold little things, and little souls love little facts; and we in N. C. are not ashamed of our inner life. But then the Express ought to be cautious about printing every thing that a N. C. boy writes for it. Our youths are often remorseless quizzes. I once saw a cockney from Philadelphia persuaded that at Ridgeway they killed the chickens for breakfast by fighting them in a cockpit the afternoon previous. The poor fellow, who was to stop there, no doubt looked for the marks of the gaffs in what he got on his plate the next morning. Just so in his letter of Jan. 9th, from Raleigh, “Ao” has “done” the Express without mercy. You copied the letter in your issue of the 23d, and you ought now to enlighten your neighbor as to the tricks of N. C. newsmongers; so that hereafter the spoon victim furnishes its readers may not have the poison of untruth in them.

Everything about the late appointment at the University may not yet be known, and no one out of the Board of Trustees may have a right to that knowledge. But it may safely be asserted that in the following particulars the Express draws unreasonably on the credulity of its readers.

1. That the appointment of Prof. Martin to succeed Dr. Mitchell was intended as a very great compliment to the University of Virginia.

2. That any distinguished Master of Arts in the University of N. C. was a candidate for the same place.

3. That the University of Va. has had any more Academic students than the University of N. C.

4. That the University of Va. has shown any more favor to its graduates than the University of N. C. has to its own.

5. That there is any University in the United States or any other Institution for Educating Professors.

6. That the late Prof. of Anal. Chem. or the present Prof. of Civ. Eng. in our University was sent to Harvard, to be prepared to discharge their duties.

7. That President Swan ever expressed a preference for a graduate of the University of Va. over one from any other Institution, other things being equal.

8. That the Board of Trustees of our University ever endorsed any such preference, or acknowledged that its Faculty was unable to educate competent Professors.

The truth is that this appointment of Prof. Martin is no more a slight to the talents of N. C., nor an incubus on its energies, than was the selection of the present Episcopal Bishop of N. C. a disarrangement of his clergy, nor that of the Superintendent of our Asylum an insult to our Physicians. I would not have North Carolina confined to her geographical limits, nor to any particular social circle, when she chooses her servants. I would have men from all parts of the earth offer to enter her service, and that her sons be gratified by having for competitors the first men of the age. The honor of our State on such occasions may be safely left in the care of Govs. Bragg, Morehead, Graham, Manly and Swain, with Messrs. Rufin, Battle, Bryan, Eaton, &c. &c. Such men will not be frightened from doing what is right by a threat that some one will run and tell the Petersburg Express.

Respectfully,

WASHINGTON’S ANNIVERSARY.—Perhaps one of the grandest anniversaries, for many years, of the birth of Gen. Washington, will take place in Richmond on the 22d of next month. Preparations on an extensive scale have been going on for some time, and as the day draws nigh, the interest seems to increase. The Equestrian Statue of Washington, lately landed in Richmond, will be erected to its proper position and duly inaugurated with addresses and appropriate ceremonies. Among other addresses, the hon. Edward Everett will repeat his much celebrated lecture on Washington; the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter will deliver an Oration; and Messrs. J. B. Hope and J. R. Thompson will each recite an Ode. Richmond is the central point to which all eyes are being turned.

And in this connection, to Military Companies, Major Genl. Wm. B. Toliver, in an order dated Richmond, Jan. 18, 1858, says:—“It being essential for the purpose of necessary arrangements, and proper organization, officers commanding troops which expect to take part in the ceremonies of the erection of the Equestrian Statue of Washington, on the 22d of February next, will report to this office, as speedily as practicable, the name, strength and arm of their respective commands, the time at which they will reach Richmond, and the mode of conveyance.”

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.—Our literary contributor from “among the books,” J. Starr Holloway, Esqr., of Philadelphia, is also a composer of Music, and we see Godly of the “Lady’s Book,” has placed that department under his control, commencing with the March number of the Book. As a general thing, our Magazine Music is rather poorly put up, and we but seldom see a piece performed in fashionable circles. But for the future, we bespeak a better reception for the Music of the Lady’s Book, as the list of Mr. Holloway’s compositions is very extensive and will warrant an improvement.

TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.—The principal items from Congress will be found in the letter of our intelligent and attentive correspondent, ANGUS.

Leisure Readings;

OR
A few of the best things
WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

We have to propose to our readers, especially our fair ones, a scientific amusement of an elegant and inexpensive kind. We would teach them to make copies of pictures, engravings, maps, music, &c., by means of light, and according to a process which costs hardly anything beyond the price of the paper. Besides affording them duplicate copies of engravings, &c., such as are often desirable, they will also be instructed and amused. We have taken the process from Chamber’s Edinburgh Journal, through the agency of the Eclectic Magazine of New York.

COPYING BY LIGHT.

1. Having fixed upon the object to be copied, take a sheet of good paper, and spread a solution upon one side of it composed of 60 grains of blue-stone or sulphate of copper, 30 grains of bichromate of potash, and 3 ounces water. This composition should be spread upon the paper by means of a glass rod; or if you do not happen to have such a thing, any smooth smooth will do well.

Paper prepared with this solution is of a beautiful yellow color; when dry, it is fit for use, and should be used as soon as convenient, for when kept long, it loses its sensibility. Place the prepared side of this paper against or upon the face of the picture to be copied, and allow the back of the picture to be exposed to the light; and in the course of a quarter of an hour, if it is a bright sunny day, you shall see what you shall see. If the weather is dark and cloudy, you will have longer to wait, perhaps not less than half an hour; but having allowed it to remain exposed to the light for this time, if you take it into a room partly darkened, and with the blinds drawn down, a very clear negative yellow picture will appear on the prepared paper. You must now pour a few drops of nitrate of silver solution on it, of the strength of half a drachm to two ounces of water, and spread this quickly over by means of your phial or glass rod, and instantaneously a very beautiful and vivid red picture will make its appearance.

The back of the picture, however, having been exposed to the light, while the face was pressed against the prepared side of the paper, the objects copied will be formed in a contrary direction to that in the original, so that the part of the original picture situated at its right side will appear on the left side of the copy, and vice versa. This might be no great matter, as regards some pictures, but it is obvious that by such a process neither maps nor music could be copied. When necessary, however, as in the case of maps and music, the original may be exposed to the light, and the prepared paper pressed to the back, which would give the true position. But it is always desired, when the subject admits of it, and more especially in the case of a thick engraving or picture, for its face to be pressed against the prepared paper, as in that case the copy is produced much sharper and more distinct than the other way.

To keep the picture well pressed against the prepared paper, a heavy piece of glass may be placed on the top, as the rays of light will not be at all lessened in their intensity by the weight of the glass.

These photographic pictures may be fixed by washing well in pure water, and when dry, a gloss may be given by spreading a little gun-water over the surface. So much for the process, and now for the cost. 60 grains of sulphate of copper, and 30 of bichromate of potash—the first solution—at four shillings per ounce, costs threepence, which, added to two ounces of water, and a few drops spread over the yellow negative picture, will be sufficient for between 50 and 100 pictures. As we have hinted, therefore, the expense of this elegant and useful amusement is, in reality, if we except the paper—which is cheap enough, you know—not to nothing at all.

We may add, that the picture to be copied need not be taken out of the book, if it is in one; it is only necessary to place the prepared paper underneath its face, while the piece of glass laid upon its back will open the book, and allow access to the light.

2. Another Process.—Make a solution composed of half a drachm of nitrate of silver to two ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution over a sheet of paper by means of a glass phial. When dried in the dark, it is fit for use. Proceed precisely as in the above process, to copy the picture; and after being left exposed to the light for about five to fifteen minutes, according to the thickness of the picture, a negative picture will be found on the prepared paper, having the light part of the original dark, and the dark parts light. It now becomes the question how to turn this negative picture into a positive one; and this effected in the following way: After the negative has been well washed in pure water, and fixed by passing it two or three times through a solution of common salt, it is ready, when dry, to print from. Prepare your sheet of paper in the same way as the other, and when dry, press its prepared side against the negative picture; then allow the back of the negative to be exposed to the light, and in a few minutes you will have obtained a fine positive picture, which can be fixed by passing it through a solution of common salt.

3. Process for copying positive collodion portraits from glass on paper. Make a solution composed of half a drachm of nitrate of silver to one and a half ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution, by means of a glass phial or rod, over a sheet of paper, which must then be put in a dark place till dry, when it is fit for use. The portrait or picture to be copied need not be taken out of the frame, but the back of the passe-partout merely opened. Sometimes liquid jet is employed for backing collodion pictures, but more commonly cotton velvet. If velvet, it can be removed, and a piece of the prepared paper, sufficient to cover the portrait, substituted, taking care that its prepared side be pressed against the collodion side of the portrait. Having done this, the face of the passe-partout may be exposed to the light, and in a few seconds the prepared paper at the back of the portrait will be seen to darken. When sufficiently dark, the passe-partout may be removed from

the light, and the prepared paper taken off, when it will be seen to present a positive copy of the picture on the glass. To fix these impressions, just pass them once through a solution of common salt, and wash in pure water.

The expense of this process is hardly appreciable, since from 200 to 300 copies may be produced by half a drachm of nitrate of silver, in one and a half or two ounces of water, the cost only threepence; two or three drops of which are sufficient for an ordinary-sized portrait.

We have a chapter, also, for the curious. And as its details are facts of history, perhaps they may lead to research and to developments, hitherto concealed in mystery. It is a chapter on

Blaizing Stars, or Comets.

In the year 1066, during the reign of Harold whose son set on the bloody field of Hastings; and while Duke William the Bastard was organizing, in Normandy, his descent upon England, there appeared, says the old chronicler, “a blazing star,” which was seen not only here in England, but also in other parts of the world, and continued the space of seven days. This blazing star might be a prediction of mischief imminent, and hanging over Harold’s head; for they never appear but as portents of after-claps. Such stars are again described by the same chronicler, thus:—“These blazing stars, dreadful to be seen, with blinding hairs, and all over rough and jagged at the top.” Popular fancy has always clothed these with peculiar terrors; and, indeed, the different and varying forms under which they have appeared are well calculated to strike and powerfully affect the imaginations of men. The reader of Josephus knows that a comet, shaped like a sword, gleaming like a sword, without any rays or beams, was seen to hover over Jerusalem for nearly a year before it fell into the hands of the Romans. A comet, having the resemblance of a horn, appeared during the battle of Salamis. The wars of Caesar and Pompey, the murder of Clodius, and the tyranny of Nero, were all prefigured by comets. But, though usually, they were not invariably regarded as portents of evil omen, “for,” says a recent writer, “the birth and accession of Alexander, of Mithridates, the birth of Charles Martel, and the accession of Charlemagne, and the commencement of the Tatar empire, were all notified by blazing stars.” After the murder of Julius Caesar, a brilliant comet, which illuminated the Italian sky for seven successive nights, was supposed his apotheosis, or the carrying in Queen Elizabeth’s reign, one appeared, which her flatters did not know very well how to interpret; being afraid, on the one hand, to incur a charge of insiprision of treason, by foreboding state calamities, and on the other, being equally aware of the danger of even so much as hinting at the removal of her majesty from the possession of a terrestrial to that of a celestial crown.

The accounts from India say that Windham’s division was lately cut up and retreated with the loss of all the tents of three regiments. Col. Campbell on learning of the disaster immediately quitted Lucknow, and on the 7th of December totally defeated the Gwalior mutineers, capturing their guns, baggage, etc.

The London Gazette, in reviewing the above news, says: “The Gwalior contingent is known to have been the most formidable body of troops in arms against the British government in India. It was a disciplined, effective force of 8,000 men, reduced to 44 per cent, and the Bank of Prussia to 54 per cent. The London Times of the 9th says that choice paper is negotiated at 4½ per cent, and loans on government securities at 3 per cent. Consuls had advanced 1 per cent. during the week. There were no failures in connection with the American trade, and few losses.

A Madrid paper says that Spain will give no satisfaction to America for the El Dorado affair.

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THE TIMES



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
THE AUTHOR.
FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

He had been wronged! and in his heart no trace
Of mercy lingered for his hated race!
He deemed them all his foes, and felt them made
His life a desert in an endless shade!
To such stern fancies had his soul been driven,
He had no love for man nor hope of heaven;
The world was dark, the sky was gloomy,
His dark broodings to the vengeance sought!
He lived and suffered!—twas to make his power
The dread avenger of a fatal hour;
He lived and suffered!—twas to make these feel,
Like writhing serpents 'neath a deadly heel!
His hate was torture—but he'd sworn to make
That hate as deadly an envenomed snake;
Nor cared that mortal when his breath was riven,
If he had but avenged wrongs unavenged;
If he had but avenged the sainted wronged,
And eased the burnings of revenge that bright
His sacred and seeking brain, and made its
The funeral fires of a mortal night!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
LOOK UP.

BY PONINGORE.

*Look up, look up! though dark the day
With heavy clouds of sorrow,
Look up, look up! there'll be a ray
To light thy sky to-morrow.
Friends yet are thinking thou to bless
With words of cheering tenderness.*

*Look up, look up! and see that star
Which shines in Friendship's azure,
And sheds upon thee from afar
Its beams of priceless treasure.
Look up! and crush beneath thy tread
Care's thorns, with which thy heart had blod.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Woman's Smile.

BY AMYCE.

*Go then, and search creation round;
It's like in beauty can't be found;
Go to Golgotha's diamond shore;
Or where is found the yellow ore;
Roam far and wide through earth's domain,
Where flowers ambrosial deck the plain;
And tell me man, oh! tell me where
Can I find that is so fair;
Go, dwell in Eden's lovely bower,
And call the Paradisean flowers;
Lie to the feathered choir, that there
Ponies for hours in meadowing air;
Fly o'er the peacock down, and feed,
From off its sweet ambrosial bed;
Quench your thirst at its purring stream;
On beds of roses sleep and dream.
And tell me, if in visions bright
There e'er was angel that could delight;
Or your heart and will beguile
So much as woman's lovely smile?*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
HOTEL LIFE.

BY INA CLAYTON.

There are probably some who like the bustle and confusion attending hotel life, but to one of my quiet habits and tastes it is somewhat annoying; one year's experience has convinced me that this is no idle conjecture. I am quite out of patience with garrulous chambermaids, consequential porters, and with waiters generally, and the wheezing, sneezing little men who occupies an adjoining room is by no means an object of attraction; he makes a polite bow and addresses me cordially whenever I chance to meet him, and he sometimes stoops to pick up my handkerchief or gloves when I accidentally drop them, yet all of these favors cannot make like him; I am determined I will not like him, and that is the end of it. Next comes the couple who room exactly over my head, a married couple, forsooth, neither of which meets my idea of perfection; the lady is a fine dashing creature, she has been a reigning belle, not many years since, but she is altogether too vain, and fond of parade to suit me. We profess to be good friends, but I am desperately afraid the friendship is scarce, which exists between us; her husband is a man of the world given to money making more than dancing attention upon his admired consort; it seems to be sufficient for him to know that others think her beautiful. I sometimes pity her, knowing that she did not once dream that her husband would become regardless of her attractions; but enough of this couple, for there are a thousand and one more who crowd this mammoth hotel as worthy of notice as the aforesaid. Nevertheless we must content ourselves by glancing at the character of one worthy artist; I admire him because he is quiet and demure and wonderfully gifted, his soul seems wrapped up in his profession, he evidently gives but little thought to the world around him, but lives within himself, and his genius is able to sustain him; he told me a pitiful story the other day with regard to himself and Amy Rogers, how truly he had loved her and she had returned his affection, but the old story must be told; his parents had forbidden him admittance to their house, and now Amy was lost to him. I quickly listened to his tale of woe, and then I put a fledgling into his ear which I fancy will be the means of bringing about a right state of things, he said he would follow my advice, and he doubted not Amy would yet be his. I felt glad to even add one ray of sunshine to his troubled heart. He is now a poor student, but I doubt not his name will some day be great. But I must quit writing, for my brain is nearly crazed with the din and confusion peculiar to a hotel, some might enjoy it, but I do not.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
FERNS AND MOSES.

BY MATTIE MELNOTTE.

How beautiful they are at this season when all is desolate without! The leaves have faded and fallen—the rain and dew have beaten them in a thick, wet mass, and the rustle of Autumn has ceased. The old trees stretch forth their bare and songy limbs, waving to and fro in the wintry blast, while the grey moss in shaggy tufts, with kind partiality festoons their roughness. The sky wears a heavy, gloomy appearance; and impenetrable mists skirt the horizon. It is cold and cheerless without, nothing inviting a woodland stroll, unless it be to powder on the gloomy gran-

*der, which in midwinter applies so well to the woods and especially swamps. It is beyond the power of imagination to picture the appearance of one of these cypress mosaics. One must behold to feel their dreariness; to feel that sense of awe mingled with admiration. Interminable rows of tall cypress rise to the view, their long, straight bodies rearing upward without a limb or twig to break the sameness and the whole scene shrouded in a dim, misty light by the matted branches above; doubtful whether in summer the rays of the noonday sun pierce the green canopy, and sparkle on the still waters which lie at their roots. Truly it is a grand, gloomy scene. **

But we are searching for ferns and mosses. How refreshing to find them, to touch their green leaves! And soothing to the heart to know that however dreary the scene or lonely the feelings, there still springs up in some hidden spot a green leaf, a downy fern, or sprig of moss—Even so there are ferns and mosses of the heart, shedding their gentle influences on the care-worn pathways in life—Bitter indeed must be the fate of that child of Earth—who in all its wanderings amid this vale of tears, finds no kindness, no green spot in existence, no fern or moss that clings to the rugged recesses of the heart.

Indians in Washington.

A delegation of Indian chiefs and warriors are at Washington, and the *Star* gives an account of their visit to the Smithsonian Institution:—On Monday morning, about twenty of the Indian chiefs and warriors now in the city, visited the Smithsonian Institution, and were conducted through the various departments, where they evinced their surprise and delight, after their wild fashion. In the picture gallery (Stanley's Indian paintings) they were particularly interested by the representation of a war dance around two captives—a woman and child. They were much disappointed at not finding portraits of their own tribes in the gallery.

In the apparatus room, a number of them were induced to join hands, and a severe galvanic shock was given them. Some of them gave vent to the significant "Ugh," indicating their surprise, and turned fiercely about to discover the person they supposed had struck them; others rubbed their arms and elbows, and, from the general talk in their own language, one would suppose they had entered upon a scientific discussion of the nature of the singular manifestations.

Afterwards several of them took shocks singly, and it was curious to witness the grim determination with which these stoics of the wilderness undertook to assume that air of impassiveness which traders maintain when undergoing torture as captives. But it was no go; they had to knuckle to science, and, as one after the other of the astonished braves was doubled up, tumbled upon his knees, and knocked into a heap generally by the powerful battery, he was saluted by most upbraiding jeers and laughter by his followers.

Some of the party mounted the high north tower of the Institute; but when at the top only one of them could be prevailed upon to approach the edge and look down the dizzy height—most of them squatting down as soon as they reached the summit.

One of them was observed placing small pieces of tobacco on the parapet. The interpreter explained that this was intended as an offering to the Great Spirit as the Indians believed that at this height they were nearer the Deity than they had ever been before; and accordingly improved the opportunity to pay their worship. On descending the Indians had a grand war dance with singing, in the lecture room and shortly after concluded this visit, most interesting to both the Indians and the "pale faces," pre-cut.

Wayside Thoughts.

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up an apostle Peter compares Satan to a roaring lion that continually goes about seeking whom he may devour. It is his constant study to harass and perplex God's dear children, but blessed be God, he can proceed no further than he is pleased to permit him, and if I should come in like a flood, God will take care that his Spirit shall lift up a standard against him. Remember, my reader, it is no sin to be tempted; the sin is in receiving, or agreeing with, the temptation. Christ himself was tempted, but he resisted the tempter; and it is the privilege to fly unto Christ under every temptation. Tell him thy case, implore his assistance, and depend upon it he will take care that even temptations shall be among those "all things" that work together for thy good. Forget not the exhortation of the Lord, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. The world knoweth how to deliver the goods out of temptations. There hath no temptation taken you but such as are common to men; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."

This is the Christian's chiefest joy, His faithful love is ever high; Whose love, staff, prop, grace. Protect him through this wilderness.

GROWTH OF MIND.—We wonder, indeed, when we are told, on any day, we shall be as the sons of God. I apprehend this as great a wonder has been realized already on the earth. I apprehend that the distance between the mind of Newton and of a Hottentot may have been as great as between Newton and an angel. There is another view still more striking. This Newton, who lifted his calm, sublime eye to the heavens, and read among the planets and the stars the great law of material universe, was 40 or 50 years before, an infant, without one clear perception, and unable to distinguish his nurse's arm from the pillow on which he slept. Howard, too, who, under the strength of all his suffering, was never known to weep, 40 or 50 years before, an infant, almost breaking his little heart with fits of passion when the idlest toy was withheld. Has not man already traversed a space as separates him from angels?—Channing.

A wise man endeavors to shine in himself; a fool to outshine others; the first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities; the last lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in others. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation; and the fool, when he recommends himself to the applause of those a-

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CALLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, week, and daily paper, and in numerous periodicals, and it is the object of this column to collect and arrange, and thus render it accessible to all.

SIR THOMAS COKER.

LOVE AND PHYSIC.—A clever man was Dr. Digg, misfortune well he bore; he never lost his patients till he had no patients more; and though his practice once was large, it did not swell his gains the pains he labored for were but the labor for his pains.

Though "art is long," his cash got short and well might Galen dread it, for who will trust a name unknown what merit gets no credit? To marry seems the only way to ease his mind of trouble misfortune never singly comes, and misery makes these boubles.

He had a patient, rich and fair, that hearts by scores was breaking, and as he had felt her wrist, he thought her hand of taking; but what the law make strangers do did strike his comprehension who live in these United States, do first declare intention.

And so he called—his beating heart with anxious fears was swelling—and half in habit took her hand, and on her tongue was dwelling; but thrice though he essayed to speak, he stopped and stuck and blundered, for say, what mortal would be cool, whose pulse was most a hundred?

"Madam," at last he faltered out—his hand had grown courageous—"I have dis-

cerned a new complaint, I hope to prove contagious; and when the symptoms I relate, and show its diagnosis, ah, let me hope from these dear lips, some favorable prognosis.

"This done," he cries, "let tie theotistics which none but death can sever; since like curse like," I do infer that love cures love for ever," he paused—she blushed; however strange it seems on first perusal, although there was no promise made she gave him a refusal.

"I cannot marry one who lives by other persons' distresses—the man I marry I must love, nor fear his fond caresses; for who whatever be their sex, however strange the case is, would like to have a doctor's bill stuck up to their faces?"

Perhaps you think, twixt love and rage he took some deadly poison, or with his lancet broached a vein to ease his pulse's motion. To guess the vent of his despair the wisest one might miss it; then there, he charged her for his visit!

God's people are like the stars, that shine brightest in the night; they are like gold, that is brighter for the furnace; like incense, that becomes fragrant from burning; like the camomile plant, that grows the fastest when tramped on.

Reader, from sheer curiosity, just try to count the number of genuine Cosmopolites in the circle of thy acquaintance—or even how many understand the meaning of the word!

The tongue of a viper is less hurtful than that of a slanderer; and the gilded scales of a rathease less dreadful than the curse of the oppressor.

RHEUMATISM.—Lemon juice is principally relied upon by the physicians of London for the cure of this stubborn and painful disease. It is good for a man, three tablespoonsful a day.

When will men be wise? When true Christians sets in full tide among us. That time is not yet, although we are in the middle of the nineteenth century!

Equal is the government of Heaven in allotting pleasures among men, and just in the everlasting law that hath wedded happiness to virtue.

There is a wider division of men than that into Christian and Pagan. Before we ask what a man worships, we have to ask whether he worships at all.

An exchange gives us this paragraph, which we cordially endorse as being sound practical truth. Fat pork was never designed upon to approach the edge and look down the dizzy height—most of them squatting down as soon as they reached the summit.

NEVER GO THE WHOLE HOG.—A fat hog is the very quintessence of scrofula and carbuncle acid gas, and he who eats it is not expected thereby to build up a sound physical organism. While it contributes heat, not the twentieth part of it is nitrogen—the base of muscle.

An exchange gives us this paragraph, which we cordially endorse as being sound practical truth. Fat pork was never designed upon to approach the edge and look down the dizzy height—most of them squatting down as soon as they reached the summit.

NEURALGIA.—A new remedy for neuralgia has been for some time prescribed with success by a physician of one of the British hospitals, in the cases of patients suffering from that very painful affection under his care. The remedy used in the valerianate of ammonia—a new chemical compound.

WISE COUNSELLS.—Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any speak evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Ever live (misfortunes excepted) without the aid of an old master.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Do not tempt, through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Never speak evil of any one.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

AVOID EXTREMES.—The inevitable tendency of fanaticism to error is well told in the following brief witicism, which at the same time, gently hints the importance of our having an eye to our zeal in every thing:

"A gentleman asked a friend whether Mr. Smith was not a moderate man? 'Oh yes,' said he, 'very much so.' Indeed, I may say, he is free for moderation."

Oh, Mary, dear, my heart is breaking!

Is it, indeed, Mr. Closefist? so much the better for you?" "Why so? my hidol!"

"Because, when it is broken out-and-out you may sell off the pieces for gun-flints! Exit Mr. Closefist with a flea somewhere in his coat!

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